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A
G U I D E
T O
Gentlemen and Farmers,
F O R
B R E W I N G
T H E F I N E S T
M A L T - L I Q U O R S,

Much *Better* and *Cheaper* than hitherto known.

S H E W I N G

What Care is to be taken in the Choice of
Water, Malt, and Hops: And in what Proportions
they are to be Mixed, Boyled and Fermented, for
Making the best *March*, or *October Beer*, *Strong Ale*, &c.

A L S O

Particular Directions for the right Managing all
Brewing Utencles.

In a Method never before Publish'd.

Useful for all such as are Curious in *Malt-LIQUORS*.

By a Country Gentleman.

W I T H
A *SATIR* upon *BRANDY*, By another Hand.

Sold by *B. Bragg*, at the *Blew-Ball* in *Avemary-Lane*,
next *Ludgate-street*, 1707.

THE
FINEST
MALT-LIQUORS
FOR
GENTLEMEN AND FAMILIES
TO BE
HAD OF
ALL
BREWING

Much finer and clearer than the known
What Care is taken in the Choice of
Water, Fuel, and what Proportions
they are to be brewed, for
Making the best Malt, strong and so



Also
Particular Directions for the right Managing the
Brewing Process.

In a method never before published.
Liquor for all such as are Curious in MALT-LIQUORS.

By a Country Gentleman.

WITH
A SATIS upon GRAVITY, by another Hand.

Sold by W. Lister, at the Museum of the City of London.

DIRECTIONS

FOR

Brewing.

THEY who are Curious in *Malt Drinks*, as it is fit every one shou'd be that uses 'em, (unless their Circumstances be such that they must be contented with what they find) generally make out all their first *Wort* alone into *Ale* or *strong Beer*. *Ale* is the only word used in the *North* of *England* for strong *Malt Drink*: And was likely the only strong Drink our fore-fathers made of *Malt*. This was the *English Beverage* Celebrated by our *Poets*, who yet cou'd

not forbear to blame the foul Thickness of it.
One says,

*Men drink it Thick, and piss it Thin,
Mickle Faith by St. Eloy, what leaves it within?*

Which seems thus Translated by another, unless good Wits jump.

*Nil spissius illa,
Dum bibitur, nil clarius est dum mingitur ; ergo
Constat quod multas faeces in ventre relinquit.*

Indeed before the use of *Hops*, which began in *England* about the Year 1540, as I take it, it was hard to Brew Drink, which would be Fine before it was Egar. All good *Ale* is now made with some small mixture of *Hops*, tho' not in so great Quantity as Strong *Beer*, design'd for longer keeping : And is for that purpose usually Brewed in *March* or *October*.

He that will Brew well, must be careful in the Choice of his *Water*, *Malt*, and *Hops*, and in the manner of mixing and fermenting them.

1. As to *Water*, *Pond-Water* and other *Standing Waters* in fat Grounds, if clear and sweet, make a Stronger Drink with lels *Malt*, then *Well*, *Pump* or *Conduit Waters*: Tho' any of these that are not hungry, and will bear *Sope*, and lather without breaking, are good. *Rain-Water*, which Lathers the best of any, if saved from *Lead*, or where it brings no *Salt* from the *Mortar* over which it may pass, is good to Brew *Ale* to be drank new, but is not proper for Drinks to be long kept: It being very apt to change, and unless kept cool and in great Quantities, as in the *Leaden Cesterns* in *Cellers* at *Amsterdam*, will corrupt and putrify the soonest of any *Water*. *Thames-Water* taken up about *Greenwich* at Low *Water*, where it is free from all Brackishness of the *Sea*, and has in it all the Fat and Sullage from this great City of *London*, makes very Strong Drink. It will of it self alone, being carryed to *Sea*, ferment wonderfully, and after its due Pur-gations, and three times stinking (after which it continues sweet) it will be so strong, that Several Sea Commanders have told me it wou'd burn, and has often fuddled their Marriners. Other Commanders have

denied this, which I thought I had Reason to impute to their want of Observation. However I conceive *Thames-Water* is by no means fit to Brew Strong *Beer* to keep, for that, let the Drink which is Brewed of it be never so clear, it is apt on any considerable and sudden change of Weather, to ferment and grow foul. And I take this for a Rule, That no *Malt Drink* is truly good, which is not perfectly fine. Upon the whole, the best Liquor to Brew with, is that which is taken from a small clear Rivulet or Brook, undisturb'd by Navigation or Fording: And taken up in dry Weather, when no Rain has lately washed the Banks. My first two Brewings were made of such Water; which with all my Care and Experience I cou'd never equal since: Though I have been very curious and sent some Miles for my Water. Possibly much the best Water in *England* is that at *Castleton* in *Derbyshire*, commonly called, *The Devils Arfs*, &c. Which Owzes from a great Rock, covered over with a shallow Earth and short Grass a top. It is incredible that so much Water shou'd percolate through so vast a Quantity of one Rocky Stone, were it not obvious to any one who goes into Pools Hole, where he will

will find the Water continually dripping through the Top, and running down the Sides, till it makes a kind of Chrystal Rivulet at the Bottom of that Prodigious Rocky Concave. I have seen the *Ale* made of *Castleton-Water* as clear in three days after it was Barrelled, as the Spring-Water it self, and impossible to be known by the Eye in a Glafs from the finest *Canary Wine*. *Brewers* shou'd be as curious in the Choice of *Water* for their first *Wort*, as *Cooks* are for their Boyling of *Yellow Pease*. For as some *Waters* will never Boyle them soft; so will they never make good *Ale* or Strong *Beer*. However if the best *Water* be not to be had, but at too great a distance and charge, you may for your Second and Third *Worts* which are quickly spent, and used only for Table Drink, make use of such *Water* as you have near at hand.

2. As for your *Malt*. The North Country *Malts* from *Nottinghamshire*, *Derbyshire*, *Leicestershire*, *Cheshire*, *Lancashire*, &c. are the best, especially for *Ale*, but are generally too slack dried for *March* or *October Beer*, which is to be kept at least half a Year before it be Drank. The Goodness of these *Northern Malts* proceeds partly from the
Corn

Corn which grows on Grounds more rested than in the *Southern Countrys*, where the Rents are more racked, and the Grounds more worn by continual Sowing; and partly from the *making*, in which they take more time then in other parts, and dry it leisurely with *Pit Coal Charkt*, called in some Places *Coak*, and in others *Culm*, which is sweet and gives a gentle and certain heat. Whereas in the *South East* parts, they dry their *Malt* with Straw, which is hard to keep to a moderate and equal heat. And in the *West Countrys* with *Wood*, which gives a most ingrateful Tack to such as are not by Custom familiarized to it. Besides, in the *North*, they do not run out their *Barley* in *Malting* to such Lengths as in other parts: And in Grinding they set their Upper *Millstone* so high, that it breaks off only the Tops of the *Cleavel*, which makes their Drink so fine. And *Malt* small ground will never make fine Drink.

There is possibly some Reason for the Observation, that *Malt* mixt of several kinds makes the best Drink: And that it ought to ly ground in the Sacks three or four days before it is used.

Your

3. Your *Hops* must be bright, well scented, well dryed, cured and bagg'd; and generally speaking are best about a Year old. They are a very uncertain Crop, and consequently of a very uncertain Price; sometimes sold at about Six Pence, sometimes at about half a Crown *per Pound*. And I believe it may be truly said, That better *Hops* have been sold for Six Pence or under, then ever were sold for Two Shillings *per Pound*, or upwards. Indeed all Fruits are best when they are cheapest. Those Years that are kindest for the Quality allways producing the greatest Quantity. So that it is certainly a wise way, on all accounts, to furnish one self well with *Hops* well cured in a cheap Year.

4. In your mixing and fermenting all these three together, That is in *Brewing*, after you have made a discreet Choice of your Materials; You must first consider what sort of Drink you design to Brew, and accordingly proportion your Quantities. If you design your first *Wort* for strong *Ale* or *March* or *October Beer*; you must proportion five Gallons of Drink to every

B

Bushell

Your

Bushell of *Malt* (that is to say avoiding Fractions) Eleven Bushells of *Malt* to an *Hogshead* of *Ale* or *Beer*. But it must be remembred, that in so great a disproportion of *Malt* to Drink, as Eight to Five, almost a Third of your Liquor in the first *Wort* will be absorped by the *Malt*, never to be return'd, and an allowance is to be made of about a Sixth Part to evaporat in Boyling. So that if you expect to clear a *Hogshead* of Drink, that is fifty four Gallons, from your first *Wort*, you must put into your Mesch-Tub near Ninety Gallons of Liquor. But for your Second or Third *Worts*, the Goods being wet before, you need put up no more Liquor then you intend to make Drink, except an allowance of about a Tenth part for wast, that not Boyling so long as your first *Wort*. And you may of your Second *Wort* make one *Hogshead* of good middle *Beer* or *Ale*, as Strong as the common *Ale-house* Drink in *London*. And your Third *Wort* will make one *Hogshead* of good Small *Beer*.

I propose in this Case the drawing of Three *Worts* because of the great Quantity of *Malt* to a smaller of Liquor. Other-
wise

wise in Ordinary Brewings, where you design not very strong Drink, six or seven Bushells of *Malt* will make one Hogshead of good strong, and another of small Beer. And in such case, two *Moaks* will as well take out the strength of your *Malt*, as three in the other.

It is certain, that in either of these cases your *Malt* will not be run out as the Common Brewers uses to be, so that if you take up an handful of the Graines you may blow them out of your hands with your Breath.

But it is hardly worth any Man's while, who is not indigent, to run it out farther for his own Family; for all the Drink you can after make of it, will be but like the washing of Graines, it will prove poor Stuff. and if not drank presently, it will be apt to stink, unless you mix it with some of the former *Worts*, which it will but spoil. Besides, what you leave in your Graines, by the way proposed, is not lost. For if you live in the Countrey, they will nourish your Cattle and Swine, and if in a Town, the Poor will be gratified by letting them put

up some cold Water to run through them, which they will carry away cold in Pails, and boyl at home without any trouble or charge to you; so that in effect you really relieve the Poor only with a little of your Cold Water which they themselves draw.

The Proportion of *Hops* may be half a Pound to an Hoghead of strong *Ale*; one Pound to an Hoghead of ordinary strong *Beer* to be soon Drank out: And two Pounds to an Hoghead of *March* or *October Beer*: And for the after *Worts*, which are not to be kept long, what comes from the first *Wort* will serve well enough to Boyl again with them.

If you put into your first *Wort* a greater Proportion of *Hops*, and Boyl them all the while your *Wort* Boyls, you will make it too bitter: But I conceive it adviseable to double the Proportion, by taking out the first parcell when your *Wort* has Boyled half the time you design it, and then adding the same Quantity of fresh *Hops* to continue Boyling till you take your *Wort* out of the Copper. This will somewhat increase your Charge, but that will be very inconsidera-

inconsiderable, if you furnish your self in a cheap year of *Hops*.

By this way you will take out only the fine quick Spirits of the *Hops*, (which I take to be an useful and wholesome Vegetable) and will have a good Quantity left fit for the use of the Poor, if you give them the last running from your *Malt*.

Hitherto of the Qualities and Proportions of your Materials. Now concerning the manner of putting them together.

After you have put your Liquor in your Copper, strew an handful two or three of *Bran* or *Meal* upon it, not so much to strengthen your Liquor, as to make it heat quickly, for simple Water alone will be long ere it Boyl. But you must take your Liquor out of the Copper when it begins to simmer, and not suffer it to Boyl: For though it were granted that the Boiling did no harm to your Liquor, by evaporating the Natural Spirit of the Water (which it likely does) yet 'tis a needless expence of Fuel and Time, first to make it too hot, and after to stay till 'tis cooler again. For
you

you must by no means mix your Malt with Boyling hot Liquor, which will make the Malt clot and cake together, and the most flowery parts of it run whitish, glewy and fizy, like Saddlers Paste, so that it will never mix kindly, and give out its Strength equally to the Liquor.

I had not dwelt so long on this Head, but that I know many put their Malt first in the Mesch-Fat, and then pour in their Liquor for the first Wort, which is indeed necessary in the Second and Third Worts.

The contrary Practice of putting in your Liquor first, has these Advantages.

First, You can never otherwise guess when your Liquor is just cool enough to be mingled with your Malt: But in this case, you have a certain *Criterion* and Rule to judge by, that is, you must let your Liquor remain in your Mesch-Fat till the Vapour from it be so far spent, that you can see your Face in the Liquor: And then pouring your Malt upon it, you have this farther Advantage, that you keep your Liquor longer hot, and it sinks gradually, distributing it's strength

strength to your Liquor equally, without matting, and if it does not descend fast enough of it self, you must press it down with your Hands or Rudder, with which you use to stir your Moaks. This must be done by degrees: Always remembering, that you shake your Sacks before you remove them over the sides of your Mesch-Fat, to get out the Flower of your Malt which sticks to them. And after all your Malt is settled, and your Liquor appears above it, you must put up in your Mesch-Fat as much more hot Water out of your Copper, as will make in all Ninety Gallons, for one Hoghead. Then stir it almost without ceasing, till it has been in the Mesch-Fat about two hours from the first putting up your Malt, in which your Servants may help and relieve one another.

After this pull out your Rudder, and putting a little dry Malt a top, cover it close, and let it stand half an hour undisturbed, that it may run off clear, and the Malt being sunk to the bottom, the Liquor a top will run through it all again, and bring away the strength of it. After this, you must lift up your Tap-staffe, and let
out

out about a Gallon, not into your Tub underneath or Under-back, which is to receive your Wort, but into your long-handle Jett, and put it up back again, stopping your Tap hole: This do two or three times, till you find it runs clear, which it will not do at first, though your Tap-hose be never so well adjusted.

Throughout the whole Course of your Brewing, you must be very careful to do all you can to promote the Fineness and Clearness of your Drink.

In the North of *England*, where much the best Malt-Drink is made, they are so careful of making their Drink Fine, that they let their first Wort stand in their Receivers till it is very clear, all the gross parts being sunk to the Bottom, this they continue to do about Three hours in Summer, and Ten or Twelve hours in Winter, as occasion requires, which they call *Blinking*, after which, leaving the Sediment behind, they only lade out the Clear Wort into the Copper. Which Custom is peculiar to the North and wholly unpractised in other parts.

When

When all is run out into your Receiver or Under-Back, Lade or Pump out your Second Liquor, ordered so as to be just then ready to Boyl, on your Moaks: And putting your first Wort into your Copper again, let it Boyl reasonably fast (which Boyling the *Hops* put on it will much accelerate) for about one hour and an half, for *March* or *October* Beer to be kept long: And one Hour for strong *Ale*, to be Drank new. I know that a longer Boyling is generally advised. But I shall answer that when I come to shew the Reasons why Common *Brewers* seldom or never make good Malt Drinks. I advise the *Wort* rather to be Boyled reasonable fast, for the time, then to stand so long to simmer, because common Experience shews it waists less, and Ferments better, after so long Boyling, than Simmering. And this Observation, grounded on Experience, will not seem strange to *Philosophers*; who know, that Six hours of a kindly insensible Perspiration shall make a Man lighter in the Morning, then so many hours of ordinary Sweating.

C

Possibly

Possibly a less Fermentation and greater Evaporation is best for the Blood, and greater Fermentation and less Evaporation is best to prepare other Liquors for a new Fermentation.

Your first *Wort*, being thus Boyled, must be Pump'd or Laded off into one or more Coolers or Cool-Backs, in which leave the Sullage behind, and let it run off Fine. The more Coolers, and the thinner it stands, and the sooner it Cools (especially in hot Weather) the better: Let it run from your Cool-backs into your Tun very Cool, and let it not there to Work, in Summer till tis as cool as Water. In Winter it must be near Blood Warm, at least the Bowl in which you put your *Yeast* to set the rest on Working must have a mixture of *Wort* hot enough to make it all Ferment. When you find it begins to work up thick to a *Yeast*, mix it again with your Hand Jett, and when it has workt it self a Second time to a *Yeast*: If you design'd it for Ale and speedy Drinking, and hopp'd it accordingly, then beat in the *Yeast* every five hours, for two days together, in the Summer time,

or more, according as the Weather is; and for three or four days in Winter, covering your Fat close that it fall not in your working Tun.

When your *Yeast* begins to work sad, and upon turning the Concave of your Bowl downwards sticks fast to the inside, then, skimming off the *Yeast* first, cleanse the rest into your Vessel, leaving all your Dregs in the bottom of your Tun, and putting only the clear up: After it has a little Fermented in your Vessel, you will find it in a few days fine, and fit for your Drinking. Though according to the Quantity of your *Hops* you may proportion it for longer keeping.

If you Brew in *March* or *October*, and have hopp'd it for long keeping, you must then upon its Second Working to a *Yeast* (after once beating in) cleanse it into your Vessel with the *Yeast* in it, filling it still as it works over, and leaving when you stop it up a good thick head of *Yeast* to keep it,

In every change 2 C

In Brewing *March* and *October Beer*, it is advisable to have large Vessels bound with Iron Hoops, containing Two, Three, or Four Hogheads, according to the Quantity you intend to make, putting all into one Vessel. This sort of Drink keeping, digesting and mellowing, best in the largest Quantities.

Your Vessels must be Iron hoop'd, else your *March Beer* will be in danger to be lost or spoiled: Leaving your Vent Peg allways open Palls it, and if it happen to be fastned but Six Hours together in the Summer, a sudden Thunder or Stormy Night may happen next Morning to present you in your Cellar an empty Vessel and a covered Floor.

It is pretended that *March* is the best Month for Brewing, and the Water then better than in *October*: But I allways found that the *October Beer*, having so many cold Months to digest in, proves the better Drink by much; and requires not such watching and tending as the *March Beer* does, in opening and stopping the Vent hole on every change of Weather.

Many

Many Countrey Gentlemen talk of, and magnify their stale *Beer* of Five, Ten, or more years old. 'Tis true more *Malt* and *Hops* than I propose will keep Drink longer than I use to do: But to small purpose; for that it will not exceed mine in any thing desirable, except such an extraordinary Strength as few Men care for. I allways broach mine at about Nine Months end, that is my *March Beer* at *Christmas*, and my *October Beer* at *Midsummer*, at which times it is generally at the best. But will keep very well in Bottles a year or two more. Stop your Vessel close with *Cork*, not *Clay*, and have near the Bung-hole a little Vent-hole stop'd with a Spile, which never allow to be pull'd out, till you Bottle or draw off a great Quantity together. By which means it is kept so close stop't, that it foushes violently out of the Cock for about a Quart, and then stops on a sudden, and Perles and Smiles in a Glas like any Bottled *Beer*, though in the Winter time. But if once you pull out the Vent-Peg, to draw a Quantity at once, it will sensibly loose this Briskness; and be sometime before it recovers it.

I propose no Directions for the Second and Third Worts: He that can manage the first well, can never fail in the rest. Your Third Wort, being poured on hot Goods, may be only Cold Water.

Now that I have given the best Directions for Brewing that readily occur to my Memory. I come to shew the Reasons why Common *Brewers* very seldom or never make good Drink. This I know is generally attributed to their Underboyling their strong Worts, which to prevent, some *Brewers* to their Detriment, and no manner of Advantage to their Drink, have Boyled them three hours, which is thrice as long as needed; and all to no purpose.

In most (if not all) of the Northern Counties there are few or no Common *Brewers*. The Inn-keepers and Publick *Ale Houses* Brewing what they Retail in their own Houses. And Private Families for themselves. And in all these Counties 'tis as rare to find any ill Malt Liquors, as it is to find good in *London*, or the adjacent Counties.

This

This may serve to shew the Mistake of those, who ground their Computation of the Number and Proportion of Inhabitants, between some Southern and Northern Cities and Towns, on the Kings Revenue of Excise arising out of them. For that, in the Eastern and Southern Counties, abounding in Common *Brewers*; almost all the Inhabitants of Cities and great Towns there, and the meaner People of their Neighbourhood, take their Drink of the Common *Brewers*, clogg'd with Excise; which few or none of all the Inhabitants of the Northern Towns do.

In the West of England, They have some Common *Brewers*, but not in Proportion to the East and South. In most parts of the West, their Malt is so stench'd with the Smoak of the Wood, with which 'tis dried, that no Stranger can endure it, though the Inhabitants, who are familiarized to it, can swallow it as the *Hollanders* do their thick Black Beer Brewed with Buck Wheat.

In

In *Bristol* they have considerable Quantities of *Malt* by *Sea* from *Wales*, some dried with *Straw*, some with *Coak* or *Culm*, much the best way of Drying. Yet have little good Drink made from it, which is generally imputed to the Brackishness of their Water.

In short, the Reason why Publick and Common *Brewers* seldom or never Brew good Drink is, That they Wet more Malt at once, then 'tis possible they can have Vessels and Servants enough to Work, and set it cool enough to Ferment kindly: And withall, Brew so often, that they cannot sufficiently, between one Brewing and another, cleanse and scald their Brewing Vessels and Barrels, giving them due time to dry, but that they will retain such a Rest as will always Char and Sour their Liquors. And the Mischiefs accruing by such Neglects are incredible to Persons unexperienced.

My Brewers have been so cautious in this Particular, that if any Servants of the House, have by accident made use of any long-handled Jett, hand Jett, or Pail, with cold Water during the Brewing; they have scalded it a new, and let it dry before they wou'd use it again.

This Practice of the Common *Brewers* Wetting such vast Quantities of *Malt* at once, and Brewing so often, puts me in Mind of the Story of *Melibeus* the *Mantuan Shepherd* in *Boccalin*, who tells the *Roman Empire*, that whilst he and *Menalcas* kept Five Hundred Sheep each, as they long did, they made a Crown a Head by the Wooll and Lambs, amounting to Five Hundred Crowns *Per Annum*. But when *Menalcas*, from Covetousness doubled his Flock to a Thousand Sheep, expecting to get thereby a Thousand Crowns a Year, he made but Three Hundred Crowns; and when he trebled his Flock, and made them Fifteen Hundred Sheep, he got nothing.

This is but a Course **APPLICA-
TION** of a **STORY**, fram'd with a
great Contexture of Witt and Political
Wisdom.

A Five Hundred Sheep, as they long did,
they made a Crown a Head by the Wool
and Lards, amounting to five Hundred
Crown for a Year. But when the
Great Contract doubled his flock to a
Thousand Sheep, expecting to get thereby
the same Crown a Head, he made but
Three Hundred Crown; and when he
doubled his flock, and made them fifteen
Hundred Sheep, he got nothing.

SATYR
UPON
Brandy.

Farewel damn'd Stygian Juyce, that dost bewitch,
From the Court Bawd, down to the Country
Thou Liquid Flame, by whom each firey Face (Bitch;
Lives without Meat, and blushes without Grace,
Sink to thy Native Hell to mend the Fire,
Or if it please thee to ascend yet higher,
To the dull Climate go, from whence you came,
Where Wit and Courage do require your Flame;

Where they Carouse it in Vesuvian Bowls,
 To crust the Quagmire of their spongy Souls:
 Had Dives for thy scorching Liquor cry'd,
 Abraham in Mercy had his suit deny'd;
 Had Bonner known thy force, the Martyrs Blood
 Had hiss'd in thee, and sat'd the Nations Wood:
 Essence of Ember, scum of melting flint,
 With all the Native sparkles floating in't;
 Sure the Black Chymist with his Cloven foot
 All Aena's simples in one Lymbeck put,
 And double still'd, nay quintessenc'd thy Juyce,
 To charcoal Mortals for his future use.
 Fire-ship of Nature, thou dost doubly wound,
 For they that grapple thee, are burnt and drown'd:
 As when Heaven prest th' Auxiliaries of Hell,
 A flaming storm on cursed Sodom fell,
 And when it's single Plagues would not prevail,
 Egypt was soalt with kindled Rain and Hail.
 So Natures feuds are reconcil'd in thee,
 Thou two great Judgments in Epitome.
 God's past and future Anger breath in you,
 A Deluge and a Conflagration too.

View yonder Sott, I do not mean Shr--Shred
 Grilled all o're, by thee, from head to foot,
 His greasie Eye-lids shoar'd above their pitch,
 His Face with Carbuncles, and Rubies rich,
 His Scull instead of Brains supply'd with Cinder,
 His Nose turns all his Handkerchiefs to Tinder;

He

He breaths like a Smiths Forge, and meets the fire
 Not to allay the flame but raise it higher,
 His Stomach don't concoct, but bake his Food,
 His Liver even witnesses his Blood;
 His trembling hand scarce beaves his Liquor in,
 His Nerves all crackle under's Parchment Skin;
 His Guts from Natures drudgery are freed,
 And in his Bowels Salamanders breed.
 He's grown too hot to think, too dull to laugh,
 And steps as tho' he walkt with Pins & staff.
 The moving Glass-house lightens in his Eyes,
 Singes his Cloaths, and all his Marrow fries,
 Glows for a while, and then in Ashes dyes.
 Thus like a sham Prometheus we find,
 Thou stol'st a Fire from Hell, to kill mankind.
 But stay, least I the Saints due Anger merit,
 By sinking their Auxilliary Spirit;
 I am inform'd, whate're we wicked think,
 Brandy's reform'd, and turn'd a godly Drink.
 E'er since the Publick Faith for Plate did Wimple,
 And Sanctifi'd thy Gill with Hannah's Thimble,
 Thou'st left thy old bad Company of Vermin,
 The swearing Porters, and the drunken Carmen,
 And the new drivers of the Hackney Coaches,
 And now tak'st up with sage discreet debauches;
 Thou freely drop'st upon Gold Chains and Fur,
 And Sots of Quality thy Minions are.
 No more shalt thou foment an Ale-house brawl,
 But the more sober Riots of Guild-Hall;

Where

Where by thy Spirits fallible Direction,
The Reprobates once pol'd for an Election:
If this trade bold, what shall we Mortals do,
The Saints Sequester even our Vices too.
For since the Art of VVboring's grown precise,
And Perjury has got demurer Eyes,
'Tis time, high time to circumcise the Gill,
And not let Brandy be Philistian still.
Go then thou Embiem of their torrid Zeal,
Add flame to flame, and their stiff tempers kneal,
'Till they grow ductile to the Publick VVeal.
And since the Godly have espous'd thy cause,
Don't fill their heads with Liberty and Laws,
Religion, Priviledges, Lawless Charters,
Mind them of Falstaff's Heir-Apparent-Garters,
And keep their outward man from Ketches quarters.
One caution more, now we are out of Hearing,
Many have dy'd with drinking, some with swearing:
If these two Pests should in conjunction meet,
The Grass would quickly grow in e'ry Street:
Save thou the Nation from that double blow,
And keep thy fire from Salamanca T. O.

F I N I S.



3